

## THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. Jack.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

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### Poet's Corner.



### Original.

For the Lebanon Post.

#### [A]—MUSING.

Grand Autumn comes with trailing robe,  
Her winged mantle widely flung;  
And field and forest, hill and glade,  
Wail sadly forth—"our doom is sung.

Her girdle bright—of richest green,  
Her brow with sunset's crimson crowned  
 Aurora for her toilet sheen,  
Bright diadems scatters all around.

For homage meet, majestic "Night,"  
His stars put on,  
The daylight gods beth at her feet,  
And shines the brightest e'er he shown.

But his love so bold—so ardent—strong,  
Consumes angh all it falls upon;  
And e'en bright Autumn, his victim falls,  
As onward to finish his course he rolls.

Her robe by his touch, once beautiful grown,  
Now lies by that same touch withered and brown;  
And leaves of bright amber came showering down  
Like gems from some orient monarch's crown.

But anon to close off the deep shadows that lie,  
On earth's bosom gay zephyr comes dancing by;  
And where darkest and dimmest the shades have been  
The glad rays of sunshine and hope enter in.

WARREN.

### Select Tales.

From the Knickerbocker.

#### HILDEGARD.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Eude Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und dass hat mit ihren Singen  
Die Lorelei gathen." [HEINE.]

(CONCLUDED.)

"Dearest Hildegard, I cannot leave you here with the retainers only. I must go to meet the Emperor; and then there will be no one to protect you from the old Katz. I will not leave you until you promise to go to your cousin Schoenberg's to remain until I return. Will you do so?"

"Yes, dear Max, although here is no danger for the three or four days that you will be absent."

"Well, I have your promise, and another one eh? On your birth day you go with me to Steinrad as its darling mistress; is it not so?"

And the lady Hildegard blushed; and Graf Max von Steinrad put his arms about her, and their lips were pressed together. So Max departed:

Now this happened the very day before our history opens. And on the morrow Hildegard donned her riding-attire, and attended by her maidens, and six men-at-arms, rode gallantly for Schoenberg. The sun shone, the girls prattled, the sweet blue eyes of Hildegard noted the scenery, and her heart remembered Max; and so they rode slowly along until the sun began to decline in the heavens and to slant his golden rays through the foliage of the wood. Then one of the troopers rode up to Hildegard, and doffing his bonnet-cap, said:

"Would it please you, noble lady, to prick on a little faster? I do not think we will reach Schoenberg before night-fall."

"I don't think you will," cried a gruff voice from a bush; and then there was the tramp of mailed steeds, and the ring of arms, and twenty troopers headed by Katzenellenbogen, surrounded the party of Hildegard. Resistance was useless, and the poor lady found herself by night-fall a prisoner in one of the turreted rooms of the fierce Baron.

And when the moonlight was clear in heaven and gleamed upon the swift Rhine, she, tired with weeping, sat leaning her head upon her hand by the window. She was watching the foam about the rock of the Lorelei, when she saw a light cloud rise slowly and hover above it, and then float down the river.

"Poor Lorelei," she thought; "doubtless she has suffered much to have so sad a part to play, and I at least pity her."

As she said this, she felt something brush the back of her hand, and a drop of water fell upon it. She started, but only saw the light cloud float slowly back up the Rhine.

"The dews are beginning to fall," she said, and was turning from the window when she heard a splash in the moat and looking down, made out the figure of a man swimming. He soon crossed the moat, and in a little while his head appeared above the wall, which he had climbed by the aid of a long pole-axe. Dropping inside the court yard, he came directly under her window and said in a low voice:

"Hist! Hildegard! it is I, Max!"

She restrained a cry with difficulty. "O, Max!" she said, "do not stay there, you will be lost!"

"I suspect he will," answered the voice of the Baron; and in one moment a dozen retainers had surrounded Graf Mak, beaten down his defence, and made him prisoner. His presence was explained by the fact of his having met a messenger from

# THE LEBANON POST.

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the emperor dispensing with his attendance; and on his return a peasant had informed him of the carrying off of his betrothed.

Poor Hildegard had sunk back nearly fainting, when the entrance of her prosecutor forced her to summon up all her courage.

"Well, fair dame, as your intended mate is now caught and caged, perhaps you will think better of the proposal I made you. I have broad lands and a stout arm. You cannot do better."

"Sir Baron, the detestation that I had for you is now coupled with the deepest contempt. You are as cowardly as you are brutal, or you would not thus misuse the innocent. Know then, once for all that Hildegard Countess von Salis, rather than even touch your hand, would have her own right arm hewn from the shoulder. And now give me at least relief from your presence; and ye maidens, keep better watch and see that ye keep the bolt in the staples."

Then did the high and mighty Franz Baron von Katzenellenbogen return to his hall in a rage.

"Curse that little manikin," he cried; "what good hath it done to catch the birds, if I cannot make them sing? Curses on the little wretch!"

Scarcely had he said this when a whistle was heard behind him, and seemed as if it would cut the nerves in two.

"Hark you, Baron," said the little man, "don't curse your friends before they fail; but to-morrow do as I tell you." He whispered a few words in the Baron's ear.

And the lord of Katzenellenbogen looked pleased, and having chuckled mirthfully over his mighty posset, retired to his couch and snored.

VI.

The morning rose fresh, dewy, and serene.—The glad voices of the birds mingled with the scent of the flowers, and went up through the pure atmosphere toward God. And Hildegard rose early, and seated herself sadly by her bedside, when her morning prayer was ended, and began to think of her mournful lot.

A rattling fanfare startled her from her meditations, and drew her to the window. In the court yard below was a scaffold dressed, hung with black cloth, and surrounded by the retainers of the house of Katzenellenbogen. Upon it, masked and clothed in red, stood the tall *Scarfrichter*, or headsman, leaning upon his sword. Beside him, pale, gagged, with his hands bound behind him, knelt Graf Max von Steinrad.—With a shriek the poor girl fell back and covered her face with her hands; then rising, she ran to the door, drew the bolts, opened it and found herself face to face with the Baron.

"Oh, save him! save him!" she cried.

"Come with me, fair dame, he answered; and taking her hand he led her back to the window.

"There, you see, is your lover. You have now ten minutes to decide whether you will go with me to the alter, or see his head stricken from his shoulders."

Hildegard fell at his feet, crying: "O, my lord, have you no mercy? Think of your own mother."

"My father won her with the sword."

"But you got possession of our persons by treachery."

"Oh, all is fair in love."

"Is there then no way to save him?"

"Yes: become my wife."

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Then take your last look at him; for when I have counted three, his head will roll in the dust."

"Mercy!" cried Hildegard.

"One!" said the Baron, and the executioner drew himself up.

"Max! dear Max!" she called from the window, turning her streaming eyes toward her betrothed. He turned his pale face toward her, and made her a mute sign of adieu.

"Two!" and the headsman swung his sword on high. Then Hildegard, white as ashes, stretched out her hand to the Baron, and said: "Lead me to the chapel!"

"Unbind the prisoner and lead him to his room," ordered the Baron. Now come my bride."

And he led her to the chapel, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced; and Hildegard was Baroness von Katzenellenbogen. She fell fainting and was carried by her maidens into the sacristy.

While the Baron was still standing, they heard a cry of alarm from the sentinel, and the feudal lord sprang forth and mounted the wall. Lo! on the other side of the moat sat Hildegard upon a snow-white palfrey, and waved her hand to him, and struck her horse with a light whip, and away like the wind. He sprang from the wall, and across the draw-bridge; there stood a jet-black charger saddled, and without a moment's thought the Baron leaped upon his back and drove the spurs into his sides. The bound of the steed was like the whoop of an eagle, and he thundered down the hill. God, what a wild ride! plashing through marsh and brook, scrambling through thicket and rocky pass, the woman and the palfrey before, the Baron behind on his swart steed, that snorted with fury. On up the Rhine, through startled hamlet, dark cedar wood on past the rock of the Lorelei to the house of a boatman on the shore. Here he saw Hildegard spring from her palfrey,

and into a skiff, which, with one light push, she sent from the shore. A few bounds brought her pursuer to the same place, and in another moment he too was in a boat sweeping down the fierce current of the Rhine.

With his eyes fixed upon her, he saw her approach the rock of the Lorelei, and with a light foot leap upon it. Then she dashed the white wreath from her head and shook down her tresses, no longer brown, but golden as the sunlight; she tore the robe from her shoulders, and her white bosom rose, fair as the snow, and with her ivory arms she swept the golden chords of a harp, and her weird, sweet song rang into the reeling brain of the Baron.

"O God!" he shrieked, "it is me, Lorelei!" And as the power of the whirlpool caught his bark, he heard her ringing, unearthly laugh, and saw her mocking, pitiful face, and the whirlpool had him and sucked him down into its vortex, and threw his bruised corpse back to the surface, and the current cast it the feet of the retainers' on the shore.

And when they would have raised it to collect his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished, thinking, no doubt, the after part would surely terminate as happily as the preceding seemed to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his sack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretended to have forgotten his epitaph; Keazole soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have this most excellent epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him over in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with impatience to hear the inscription.

"Aye, sure enough," said the semi-delinquent, "I had like to have forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazole. Well, since your neighbors have not as yet heard any part of it, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again."

"Do so, if you please," replied Keazole with anxious expectations.

"Well then," said the poet, standing at the door, and leaning on his staff,—

"There was a man who died of late,

For whom angels did impatient wait,

With outstretched arms and wings of love

To waft him to the realms above."

Keazole was so well pleased with this part that he sent off early the next day to collect his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished, thinking, no doubt, the after part would surely terminate as happily as the preceding seemed to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his sack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretended to have forgotten his epitaph; Keazole soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have this most excellent epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him over in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with impatience to hear the inscription.

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"There was a man who died of late,

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But while they disputed for the prize, still hovering around the lower skies

In slip'd the devil like a weazel,

And down to hell he kicked old Keazole."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazole close after him with his cane, but, being unable to overtake the poet, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

RAILROADING.—As the Lafayette train was pitching along the other day, at a most terrible rate, it was hailed from a large farm house with loud shouts of "Stop, stop!"

The bell was rung—the whistle screamed—the train was stopped.

"What's wanted?" asked the conductor.

"Why," said the old man, "me and my old woman wants to go with you."

"Well," said the conductor, "get aboard—get aboard."

"But we ain't near ready yet. My old woman has just begun to dress, and wants you to wait."

There was a perfect explosion. The ladies tittered—the men screamed—the conductor looked blank, and shouted,

"Go ahead!" notwithstanding the passengers all begged him to wait until the woman was dressed.

Who will dare say that woman don't claim their rights in this country, where a whole train is stopped to give a chance to put on her "becomings?" Western women against the world! If she had got hold of the conductor she would have made him wait!

AMUSING SCHOOL SCENE.—It was examination day in our school—we bad "read and spell"—old the sounds of all the letters that had any sound—said the "abbreviations" and "mortification table" without missing a word—and then we were ranged on the floor in front of the visitors, to be looked at and to answer such questions as they or the teacher saw fit to ask.

"Where was John Rogers burnt to death?" said the teacher to me in a commanding voice.

I couldn't tell.

"The next?"

No answer.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl, at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fi'er," said Joshua looking very solemn and wise.

That was the last question. We had liberty to make all the noise we pleased for five minutes and then go home.

Does Pa kiss you because he loves you?" inquired a little snub-nosed urchin of his maternal ancestor, the other day.

"I'll do it," said an old farmer. The cockney dropped in a quarter. The countryman followed, with a "Bungtown" copper.

"Go on," said the cockney.

"I won't," said the farmer, "take the company."

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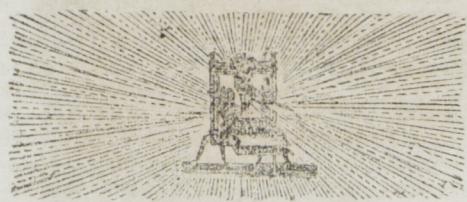
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# THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Oct 13, 1852

## Remember;

That from and after the 30th of Sept. that the *Lebanon Post* can be sent to any post office in this county free of postage; and to any post office in the State at the law rate of 3½ cents per quarter, or 13 cents the year. Now who will not subscribe to their own paper?

Come up and subscribe for the *Post*, and get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. We have not near got a living list yet. Remember, also, that we propose to send it to clubs of 10 for \$15, or \$1 50 to each subscriber; or to clubs of 20 for \$25, or \$1 25, to each subscriber. Clubs must be paid for in advance. We make no boasts about our paper, but we are willing to let it sink or swim on its own merits or demerits. If you do not like our paper do not take it, but do not say: "I like the paper very well, and would be very glad to see it continue," and then turn right around and borrow your neighbor's paper.

We have discovered a vast amount of indigent poverty, since our sojourn in this county; men who no one would suspect of being "hard run"; who, in fact are reputed wealthy; and yet, astonishing to relate, they are not able to take their own paper! We would go in to levy a penny tax to support such men.

## Something New.

The County Court of Marion co., in the plenitude of their power, at their last sitting refused the people the privilege of voting for or against the Railroad Tax!—What think you of that, people of Marion? In times gone by, the Legislature of your State had the power to use with liberal hand, your money, earned by the sweat of your brow, in sectional or useless internal improvements. The people seeing this and many other objectionable points in the old Constitution arose up in their republican power and changed it by their servants in the Convention. The new Constitution—emphatically the "people's Constitution" guarantees them the right to say, through the ballot box whether they were willing to tax themselves, not to lock and dam rivers hundreds of miles from them, but to make improvements within their own County.

What can the people of this county think of seven men whom they have, by their votes, placed in the position which they occupy, refusing—aye, refusing them the dearly bought privilege of voting for or against this measure. We have, perhaps spoken too fast.—There was a majority of the Justices present who voted against permitting the vote to be taken. Those who voted for it, of course are not held culpable. We contend that the others are culpable for permitting their own private feelings to influence them to thus disregard everything like right and justice. Why, one Justice went so far as to make an anti-railroad speech. If it had only been at the proper time and place, we would have been delighted to have heard him; for an anti-railroad speech is something so novel, in this age of advancement and railroads, that it would have had the virtue, at least of being something new under the sun.

The question arises in our mind whether in a case like the present, the County Court has the right to take into consideration the advantages and disadvantages of the project.—A number of the respectable and responsible citizens of this County, petition the County Court according to law to have the people say by their votes whether they are willing or not to pay taxes to build a railroad; they (the County Court,) because their private opinion is against the project, will not let the people have any say in it whatever, but crush it at once.

Is it not a great thing to be a 'Squire? When you are not a 'Squire, you have but one vote, and in this case you have none; but when you are a 'Squire, you have one equal to five hundred! Oh how we do wish we were 'Squire, if they really do possess so much power. The Queen of England, by enactments, has become curtailed in her power; but there seems to be no end to the power of the County Court of Marion.

People of Marion, we ask you again, what do you think of your public masters?—servants, we had liked to have said. You that were in for defeating the project would you not have preferred to have

done it yourself by the prerogative granted to you by the new Constitution?

We do think that this procedure is unprecedented in the annals of County Courts.

The following is the vote as it stood, not upon the records, however, for they refused to have any record made of the transaction:

**Ayes**—Judge M. J. Cecil, and Esqrs. B. Edmonds, W. Edmondson, and Wm. Burk.

**Nays**—Esqrs. C. Mills, W. K. Thompson, B. A. Vaneleave, and J. W. Rinehart.

There being a tie the petition was lost. The other Justices of the County were not present. We publish the ayes and nays, in order to let our readers know who voted for and who against their exercising the right of suffrage.

## TEA PARTY.

There will be a sumptuous *Tea Party* given by some of the ladies of this place, and vicinity, on to-morrow, (Thursday,) evening.

The object, is to assist in purchasing an organ for the Catholic Church of Lebanon. It will take place in the Court House.

We hope to see a full attendance at the sumptuous repast which will be spread, and that every one will come prepared to do ample justice to the delicious viands prepared by the handsome mistresses of the feast; convinced as we are, that the public will fully appreciate the motive, which prompt the fair ladies, and heartily yield their support to them; i. e. consume all the edibles.

Tickets of admission may be had during the day, at the stores of Messrs L. A. Spalding & Co., D. & D. W. Phillips, Wathen & Co. and our office.

**A. STEERLING**, now confined in the jail of this county, under the charge of bigamy, and who is awaiting his trial, is a good tailor, and wishes to get some work. He finds it very lonely and wishes to do work for the two-fold purpose of employing his time and earning a little money. This is very laudable, and those who give him work to do, will be properly thanked and faithfully served by him.

**Dr. MAXWELL**, presented us the other day with a fine Sweet Potato. It is of the red skinned family; and is upwards of 12 inches in length, and large in proportion. We have frequently seen larger "gams," but never in our recollection have we seen so large a potato of this sort. If there are any in this county who can beat it let them bring them on, we will give them a sight.

We heard a man boasting of the size of a potatoe which he raised this year, on Saturday last. He said he went to his patch to dig some sweet potatoes, and came across a perfect mammoth. He hauled it out and pitched it into his basket, when out jumped a full grown rabbit, which had made its nest in it. We wont believe a word of it unless he proves—that there was a nest full of young rabbits found in the potatoe besides.

**WONDERFUL, TRULY.**—Little *Jack o' of the Lebanon Post*, has issued one number of his invaluable sheet without quoting the "Varieties" for good or evil.—"Wonders will never cease," as the old woman said when her daughter refused to be married.—*Varieties*.

No, for we flailed you out and concluded to stop the correspondence, for fear of contamination. We found out that your biggest trump, was "Jack-o'" so we determined to "jump the game." Whenever you scratch up something fresh, let us know, and we may assist you to make your bantling notorious. "Wonders will never cease," as our devil remarked when he observed the anxiety evinced by the editor of the *Varieties* to get notoriety, through the columns of that sheet which he sneeringly calls "invaluable." Poor soul, he is so put out and vexed at the silent contempt with which the "sarsaparilla man" treats his billingsgate, that we, through pity, notice him now and then, for fear he might "bite himself mit a snake." It is asking entirely too much of us to demand a notice in *every* paper which we issue.

**Our friend JAMES ADAMS** brought us, on last Monday, some of the finest "Romantic" Apples which we have ever seen. They were rousers in size and delicious in taste. The mouths of our visitors fairly watered during the time we kept them in sight; we had finally to lock them up in order to save them. We were offered 3 and 10 cents a piece for them, frequently during the day.

**Maj. H.**, of Springfield, is a dry old customer, and who "never speaks unless he says something." A few days ago he, with two or three other gentlemen, were passing by a very "sorry," no account cabbage patch, when he very dryly remarked;

"Well, those cabbage will never be troubled with the 'big head'."

## Dancing Academy.

All who are in favor of participating in this healthful amusement and exercise, will please call at our Reading Room and subscribe to W. W. SEARS' subscription list, which is now open. The school will commence as soon as sixteen subscribers are obtained.

**There was an immense crowd here on Monday last it being the day for the general muster. In the evening Gen. T. C. Wood; Democratic county Elector, for this county, and Mr. M. R. HARDIN, Whig Elector of Washington county, took a tilt at party politics.**

**On Saturday last, Capt. HEADY, Democrat, and JOHN SHUCK, Whig, made several speeches in behalf of their respective parties.**

**During the speaking the Whigs erected a beautiful pine pole, some 75 feet high; and on Mondaw morning they run up a SCOTT & GRAHAM flag on it.**

**On next Monday week, the 25th, there will be a fine hickory pole erected by the Democrats of Marion, in this place.**

**EL PASO.**—The San Antonio *Ledger* says that there are now about four hundred thousand dollars worth of goods at El Paso, or at Magoffinsville, the village on the American side of the Pass, while the goods now on the way there must amount to eighty or a hundred thousand dollars more. These goods were destined for the Chihuahua trade; but Gen. Trias, the Mexican commander there, has suddenly enforced the Mexican tariff, which will probably prove a death-blow to that trade, for the present.

## From Cuba.

By the arrival of the Black Warrior, at New Orleans, and Empire City, at New York, we have intelligence from Havana to the 1st inst.:

The dissatisfaction on the Island was growing stronger every day, and arrests of suspected persons continued to be made daily. The police force had been increased, and domiciliary visits were of frequent occurrence. So fearful are the authorities of the least outbreak that scarcely a vessel reached that port which was not boarded by one or more officers and thoroughly searched.

Don Faciola, publisher of the revolutionary paper, "Voice of the People," was garroted on the 28th. He met his fate with composure. His execution caused excitement. So great was the shock experienced by his mother who had been deceived in an interview with him, that she expired in a short time after the execution.

The most high handed outrages have been committed on three American vessels. One of them the bark *Cornelia*, on leaving for New York, was ordered to anchor and detained for one day. Two of her passengers were also seized and imprisoned.

The letter bags of the vessel were taken, robbed and rifled of their contents.

The result of this extraordinary measure, which created an immense sensation, was the arrest, the same night, of Francis Fries, Count of Pozas Dulces, and his brother Joseph, as also Domingo Arrozarena, and the Marquis of Campos Ianes, gentlemen holding very high positions in society, and of great wealth. The count of Pozas Dulces is the mother-in-law of General Lopez.

The bark Elizabeth Jay, Capt. Brooks, from Philadelphia, was subjected to the same treatment and an unusual searching—extra officers were placed on board, and her state-rooms locked up by the police.

The barque Childe Harold, which arrived on the 21st, was likewise very critically searched, all loose papers seized, and the vessel finally given in charge of the police of Havana. These outrages have been committed for no satisfactory cause whatever, but solely to gratify the prying ambition of the government. The British man-of-war, Bosmer, which left Havana on the 28th ult., refused to hoist her colors—the Captain being so utterly disgusted at the conduct of the authorities.

Arrests were still being made. Complaints were made against a certain colonel, who, in his zeal to ferret out conspirators against the movement, has thought proper to resort in his attempt to obtain confessions to the most unheard of cruelties. This man has been guilty of acts too barbarous to believe possible, in this age of civilization. White men as well as negroes, are subjected to the hyena-like ferocity of this cold blooded monster.

The Count Pinalver died of typhus fever on the night of the 20th inst. He had nothing to do with politics, but was a noble minded, generous man, whose death must be a great loss to Cuba.—The Count was ill only two or three days. He was appointed President of the Commission for the succour of the people at St. Jago de Cuba, and caught the fever in going from house to house asking subscriptions.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:

What a shame that the American government should have here, at this moment such a consul as Morland. He thinks of nothing but the fees he can accumulate during Judge Sharkey's absence; and as to this government, they do not even pay him the compliment of addressing him at all, as witness the letters direct to Messrs. Drake & Co., in relation to the Crescent City. The Americans here complain bitterly of the want of an efficient man to represent them at a period of so much danger

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

New York, Oct. 6, P. M.

The Asia arrived with Liverpool dates to the 25th ult.

Lord Hardinge has been appointed commander-in-chief of the army. One third of a million of dollars has been received this week from Australia. Napoleon at Lyons said the cry of "Vive l'Emperor" affects my heart more than my pride, I am the servant of the country and have but one object to re-establish it, and it is difficult for me to know under what name I can best act. If the humble title of President will do, I do not want to change it for that of Emperor. There have been serious floods on the Rhine.

The King of Holland says invitations have been made for negotiations with Japan.

Matters between France and Belgium are becoming serious about the tariff Jenny Lind gave 400,000 rix thalers for a girls school in Sweden. The Earl Burry intimates the Duke of Wellington's funeral will take place after meeting of the Parliament, when he will be placed by the side of Nelson. The steamer Parrot arrived from Chagres at Southampton with \$150,000 in gold, and the ship Swift was on the way with a million.

By the inundation of the Rhine seven villages have been submerged. The French ship Grunville of Marseilles pilaged the natives on the west coast of Madagascar. The Captain and part of the crew were murdered.

Advices from Hadena state that the American brig Mary Adeline got in River Congo and was attacked by 300 natives. The English brig of War, Dolphin, went to their assistance, and with a fire of shot and shells dispersed the assailants.

New Orleans, Oct. 6, M.

Dates from the City of Mexico to the 10th of September state that the Government has appointed commissioners for the examination of the proposals of the Teahuacan road, of which four had been received.

The President had appointed a new cabinet. Ledo, Foreign Affairs; Tolacio, Treasury Department; Acuero Justice. Tamaulipas and Oaxaca are still disturbed.

The Texas crops are still improving.

The Mexican national guards have returned to Matamoras.

Arrived—Pampero from Nicaragua, Silas Holmes from New York, and Ocean Queen from Boston.

The Crescent City is coming up the river.—She arrived at Havana on Sunday P. M., and was forbidden all communication with the shore and ordered to sea forthwith. Capt. Porter made a formal protest, but the remonstrance was unanswered.

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The brig Mt. Vernon, from Havana, was capsized in a hurricane. Seven passengers and four of the crew perished. The survivors remained on the wreck six days.

The sooner Hope, from Tampico to New York, put into Pensacola in distress. The captain and mate having died of yellow fever.

The mother of Faceoli, who was garroted at Havana, died of grief the next day.

The Crescent City is not allowed to enter the harbor.

Smith, the purser has returned.

New York, Oct. 5, M.

Senator Whitecomb of Indiana died last night.

The Express says that Daniel Webster will soon relieve himself and friends from the embarrassment caused by the use of his name for the Presidency.

Advices from Nicaragua says the Government have pre-emptorily rejected the Webster and Crumpton adjustment, and protest against all interference of affairs in Central America.



## THE POST.

Wednesday Morning Oct 13 1852.

MR. THOMAS O'BRIAN, is our authorized agent at Bardstown for the reception of Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c., and is also authorized to receive and receipt for all monies due us in that region.

### Wanted.

We wish to get as an Apprentice to the Printing Business, an active, sprightly boy. A boy must bear a good character, and come well recommended. None other need apply.

### Rags! Rags!! Rags!!!

Clean Linen and Cotton Rags wanted at this office. The highest price in CASH will be paid for any amount brought.

We have a lot of fine "Half Spaniard" Cigars, which we will sell low, by retail. Call at our Reading Room.

The health of the Hon. A. Dixon, at the last accounts was rapidly improving.

Col. A. W. Russel, postmaster at Indianapolis, died a few days ago.

Application has been made for the establishment of a "free bank" at Indianapolis.

A man named O'Connor was attacked and immediately killed, in Keokuk, Iowa, a few days ago, by two men named McBurney and Elwell.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—It is expected that that the Governors of the various States will again concur in the appointment of a day, in the next month, of general thanksgiving. The precedent set last year should be followed religiously.

THE NEWSPAPER.—There is no book so cheap as a newspaper; none as interesting because it consists of a variety, measured and in suitable proportions as to time and quality. Being new every day or week, it invites to habits of reading, and it affords an easy way of acquiring knowledge, so necessary to the individual and the community.

NOVEL TRAIN.—The Sacramento Union, of a late date, mentions the arrival in El Dorado, California, of nine men, who carried their provisions and traps to Carson river, in three hand carts, and there threw them away. They made the trip in seventy-five days from St. Joseph to El Dorado. The Union adds, that they were in the enjoyment of halo health, having enjoyed no difficulty on account of the shortness of the grass.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD STOCK.—Since the first of January there has been a considerable advance in this stock, in consequence of the near approach of the road to the Ohio river. The Patriot states that at the commencement of the year the shares sold at sixty-two dollars, and this week sales have been made ninety dollars, at an advance of nearly thirty dollars a share.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Springfield (Mo.) Advertiser, of the 22d says: "A party of surveyors, on the Pacific Railroad, reached this place last week. They have surveyed and marked out a route from the Gasconade river, by Lebanon, to this place, and are now continuing the survey to the western line. The survey passes one mile north of this place. It has followed the ridge from Lebanon here, and is said to be a level route."

BARNUM AND JENNY LIND.—Barnum himself corrects the statement about the profits of the Lind Concerts, and says their net gains were \$800,000. The expenses were over \$200,000, so that the whole amount passing through their hands was over a million. However the truth of this may be, Barnum is going to give a complete history of the Jenny Lind Concerts, when those who are curious about such matters can see for themselves.

TREASURY ROBBED—\$3,000 TAKEN.—The Treasury of Huntington county, Indiana, was entered on the night of the 15th, the iron safe taken out and bursted open with powder, from which some \$3,000 were taken, \$500 of which were in gold. The money mostly belonged to citizens, who had placed it there for safe keeping, the treasurer having a short time before paid out the public funds in his settlement with the State. A reward of \$500 is offered.

ALL DEAD.—We learn that all the persons, who were on the flatboat at Concordia, died with the cholera.

### Special Notices.

"I DIGEST!" Such is the true meaning of the word "Pepsin," or of the two Greek words from which it is derived. This is the significant and appropriate title of the True Digestive Fluid or Gastric Juice, prepared by Dr. J. S. Houghton, of Philadelphia, from the fourth stomach of the Ox, for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is Nature's own remedy for an unhealthy stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers. It renders good eating perfectly compatible with health. See advertisement in another part of the paper.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY imparts new vigor to vital action, and relieves the system by opening the pores of the skin, and promoting the secretion of mucus matter. Its action is sudorific, sedative and expectorant, by opening the pores, allaying irritation, and by rendering the expulsion of mucus matter easy.

Those who take the Balsam will feel immediate relief from the distressing irritations that accompany afflictions of the respiratory organs. The pores have been closed, the Balsam opens them. The lungs suffer from irritation, the irritation is soothed; the pulse is violent and feverish, they are softened, and the mucous membrane is relieved of its engorgement with rapidity and ease. All by the use of this delightful remedy.

See advertisement.

Lebanon Division, S. of T., No. 73.

Meets every Thursday night at their hall in the Court House,

Masonic Lodge,

Meets the 1st Monday night in every month at their hall in the Lebanon Hotel.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Meets every Monday night at their hall over L. EDELEN'S Hat Store.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M.D. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Another Scientific Wonder.

GREAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S

PEPSIN,

THE TRUE

DIGESTIVE FLUID,

OR

GASTRIC JUICE!

Prepared from Rennet, or the Fourth Stomach of the Ox, after directions of Baron Liebig, the great Physiological Chemist, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I DIGEST!" Such is the true meaning of the word PEPSIN. It is the chief element, or great Digesting Principle of the Gastric Juice—the Solvent of the Food, the Purifying, Preserving and Stimulating Agent of the Stomach and Intestines. It is extracted from the Digestive Fluid, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and furnishing a complete and perfect substitute for it.

This is Nature's own Remedy; it is an unheated Stomach. Not of man can equal its digestive powers. It contains Alcohols, Bitters, Acids, or Nauseous Drugs. It is extremely agreeable to the taste, and may be taken by the most feeble patients who cannot eat a water cracker without acute distress. Beware of Drugged Imitations. Pepson is not a Drug.

Half a teaspooonful of Pepson infused in water, will digest or dissolve five pounds of Roast Beef in about two hours, out of the stomach.

Scientific Evidence.

THE Scientific Evidence upon which this Remedy is based is in the highest degree curious and remarkable.

Call on the Agent and get a Descriptive Circular, gratis, giving a large amount of scientific evidence, from a celebrated Animal Chemistry; Dr. Combe's Physiology of Digestion; Dr. Percival on Food and Diet; Dr. John W. Draper of New York University; Prof. Dunglison's Physiology; Prof. Silliman, if Yale College; Dr. Carpenter's Physiology; &c., &c., together with reports of cures from all parts of the United States.

**Pepson in Fluid and Powder.**

Dr. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN is prepared in powder and in Fluid Form—and in prescription vials for the use of Physicians. The powder will be sent by mail free of postage, for one dollar sent to Dr. Houghton, Philadelphia.

17 OBSERVE THIS!—Every bottle of the genuine Pepson bears the written signature of J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., sole proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Copy-right and Trade mark secured.

17 Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine. Price ONE DOLLAR per bottle.

AGENTS.

L. H. NOBLE, Lebanon.

J. L. SMEDLEY, Harrisburg.

D. D. WOODS, Bardstown.

New Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS.

THE undersigned have just received a new and splendid assortment of ALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS, consisting in part of Black and Fancy Cloths and Cassimires; Silk, Satin and W. red; plain and fancy Vestments; plain and embroidered Cashmeres; Fancy Menin's plain and figured Delaines; Calicos and Muslins, Irish Linens, Linen Latins and Linen Cambricks; a variety of Braids, Straw, an Mourning Bonnets of the latest style; Hardware, Quinceware, Table and Pocket cutlery etc.

THE POST, will be strictly NEUTRAL in Politics and Religion, in all things else perfectly INDEPENDENT, expressing freely the views of the Editor and his Correspondents, on the passing events of the day, local matters, &c. I am decidedly in favor of Rail-road communication in Kentucky, being firmly convinced that in that way alone, can our beloved State keep up with the advancement of the age and her older Sister-States. I am particularly in favor of a communication of this kind across the State, and thus giving us a direct intercourse with the great southern mart; being convinced that such an intercourse would redound to the benefit of all classes, and that the proposed route through Marion County is the best location in the state, and believe firmly that it can and will be run. We will advocate, conditionally, to the best of our ability, this truly beneficial enterprise and solicit the pens of others.

THE POST, will be dedicated to News, Agriculture, Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., &c. Nothing shall appear in its columns of a hurtful or demoralizing tendency to the mind; in a word, it shall be a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE POST, will be issued weekly, on every Wednesday, on an imperial sheet at \$2 per year in advance, \$2.50 if paid in six months, or \$3 if the payment is delayed until the end of the year. Wishing to commence on the last of April or the first of May, I would be gratified to receive all of my prospects, crowded with names before that time.

J. W. CHANDLER, having associated himself with F. S. Peters, the business of the Firm will be conducted under the name of

J. W. CHANDLER & CO.

All those indebted to J. W. Chandler, on account, &c., are particularly requested to come forward and make payment as I am determined to wind up the business of the old concern.

J. W. CHANDLER, Lebanon, Ky., Sept. 22, 1852.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned have removed into their large and commodious Store House, where they are receiving and opening a large and well selected stock of Staple and Fancy Fall and Winter,

Dry Goods,

selected with great care by one of the Firm, at New York and Philadelphia.—Having purchased at low prices, they are determined to sell low, and would be pleased to sell all of their old friends and acquaintances. Our terms will be low for cash, or to punctual dealers on twelve months time.

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## Select Poetry.

### Judge not in Haste.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

Never be hasty in your judgement,—  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've called a friend!

Of two reasons for an action  
Choose the better, not the worst;  
Often with some—the maner motive  
Ever strikes the fancy first!

Then be gentle with misfortune;—  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've called a friend!

Judge not with detracing spirit,  
Speak not with disdainful tongue;  
Nor, with hard and hasty feeling,  
Do one human creature wrong!  
Words there that, sharp as winter.  
Strip the little left to chear;—  
Oh, be yours, the kinder mission,  
Prone to sooth, not cause, a tear!  
Then be gentle with misfortune;—  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've call'd your friend!

## Miscellaneous.

### Singular Phenomenon.

A correspondent of the Cumberland Telegraph, Writing from Fetterman, (Va) under date of Sept. 3, says:

Our town was visited last night with a most singular natural phenomenon. Nothing less than a flood of insects, somewhat similar in appearance to the 'miller' fly. They appeared *instantly*, and instantly rooms wherever lights were burning, were filled with them, and such a putting down of windows and shutting of doors was never known in this region before. Some rushing to the streets with candles in hand, were literally compelled to drop them and *vamoss* as they would from a swarm of bees. One gentleman sat his lamp in the street, and in about five minutes they were lying around it to the depth of 6 inches. Bonfires were built, and as the blaze cast its light abroad the scene was most singular; and in their passage to the flames, looked for all the world like snow flakes coming as thick as you ever saw—pouring a constant living stream into the fires. Soon men and boys commenced shoveling them into the flames which caused anything but pleasant sensations upon the olfactory nerves. Upon observation it was discovered that whenever they lighted, they remained—depositing at one two eggs—and then a few moments afterwards expiring. Within ten minutes after it was first noticed that their numbers were decreasing, they ceased coming entirely.

**A FEMALE SCULPTOR.**—A young woman named Harriet Hosmer, of Watertown, Mass., about 20 years of age, has recently produced a piece of sculpture in marble which evinces talent of a high order, and promises to render her prominent as an artist. She calls the bust which she has completed, "Hesper, the Evening Star." It has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and interwoven with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The conception of the subject of the whole work was her own, men having been employed only to chop off some of the large pieces of marble as the work was in progress. Miss Hosmer proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with a view of becoming a sculptor by profession.—J.W. of Com.

A handsome young girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been enamored, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said—

"I believe you think I'm cheating you. 'Oh, no,' said the youngster, 'to me you are always fair.'

"Well," whispered the young lady, blushing as she laid a slight emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

### A Trick Well Played.

Many are fond of playing tricks, as hiding a boy's cap, or a girl's bonnet, at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor, who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a trick. "I will hide his shoes, and we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do." "No," said the professor, "it will not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes, and then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the laborer had finished his row of corn, he came out to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off, and found the dollar. He looked all around, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it and again looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the praises that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor, so that

the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart. "There," said the professor, "how much better is this than to have hid the old man's shoes." The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another trick upon any one, except in kindness.

### A Story for Non Advertisers.

[The following cogitation of Mr. Perkins should be read by that interesting class of business men who are too poor to advertise. How they wonder at the success of Mr. Tewksbury, when he is at the yearly expense of advertising in several papers! Doubtless many of them have used the same language as Mr. Perkins, hundreds of times.]

**Mr. Perkins Perplexed.**—I can't see how it is! There's Tewksbury, he's been off again—down to Newport, with his wife, two children and a servant! Where under heaven he gets money to spend in this way, is more than I can tell. He hadn't a cent when he began five years ago. Look at him now—lives out of town, keeps a horse, drives in and out every day. His expenses must be large yet he seems to pay as he goes. I hope there is nothing wrong about Tewksbury. Then look at the money he spends for advertising? Why, that is enough to ruin any man, I don't care how rich he is. I have been in business for thirty years and I can't afford any of these things. Wouldn't I look well taking my wife down to Newport, and staying there eight weeks?—eight weeks, indeed! I sent her on a cheap excursion—but I couldn't go myself. I can't afford it—don't take in money enough to do it. And then to see a man spend his money, just to let people see his name in the papers—and sending cards and bills all about the country. Tewksbury bleeds freely for his vanity, I must confess! They don't catch me in that trap, no how. It don't do no good; I got a lot of cards and bills printed five years ago, and there they are in the desk now. Nobody ever calls for them. And then I advertised four weeks in a newspaper—money thrown away—wasted! Tewksbury is a fool, and he must fail sooner or later. I'm sorry for him—he was naturally a clever fellow. It must cost him more to advertise than all the money I take! I wish somebody would buy me out—trade is so dull.

All he said about Tewksbury was true enough, with the slight exception that Tewksbury was in danger of failing. That very thing that Perkins thought would fail him, was that which kept him up. He began business with nothing but his brains—he let the people understand where he was, and what he had to give them for their money, and he got a great run of trade, which is constantly increasing. Perkins lost his business just as fast as his customers died off or went off—he took no steps to get new ones, and the consequence is, that he is living on what he made twenty years ago. He had better shut up his shop than try to live in these times without advertising. Reader, are you following in the tracks of your friend Perkins? If you are, either shut up your shop or pitch into this great public—if you do not do the latter, your customers will pitch into you and shut you up."

### Origin of the Rothschilds.

The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew of Frankfort, of the name of Joseph. He was in humble circumstances, but very highly thought of for honesty and integrity. At the time the French crossed the Rhine and entered Germany, the prince of the Hesse Cassel came to Frankfort, and asked Joseph to take charge of his money. Joseph did not much like the undertaking, but the prince pressed it so much that at last he consented and the treasure was given him.—When the French entered Frankfort, Joseph buried the prince's money and jewels in a chest, but did no hide his own, thinking that if they found no money they would be suspicious, and search more earnestly. The consequence was he lost all his own money. When affairs became more tranquil, and he could again enter into business, he took some of the prince's money and transacted business with it, as he formerly use to do with his own money, thinking it a pity it should lie quite useless. The prince of Cassel had heard of the French cruelty in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and concluded all his money and jewels were gone. When he went to Frankfort he called on him, and said: "Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the French."

"Not a farthing," said the honest man, "I have it all. I have used a little in business. I will return it all to you, with interest on what I have used."

"No," said the price, "keep it. I will not take the interest, and I will not take my money from you for twenty years. Make use of it for that time, and I will only take 2 per cent. interest for it."

The price told the story to his friends, Joseph was in consequence employed by most of the German princes. He made an immense fortune, his sons become barons of the German Empire, and one of them settled in England.

### A Ludicrous Mistake.

A Cincinnati grocery house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that the fruit could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out to a customer, acquainting him with the facts, and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons" (the wagoner usually sent).

The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common

in the above, and thus the student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another trick upon any one, except in kindness.

### Strayed or Stolen.

**FROM** My farm, near Lebanon Ky., about the 1st of August, 1850; a fine, young Bay Mare. All the marks that I remember are: there is a white spot on one of her hind feet, and her mane turns to the left side. I will give a liberal reward to whoever delivers her to me. OBED. WALSTON.

August 11th, 3t

### J. HASKINS

**A**TTONEY AT LAW, will attend courts in Washington, Mercer, &c.; and Courts of Appeals.

All business confided to him will be strictly and faithfully attended to.

Springfield, August 23, 1851.

### A VALUABLE BOOK

**O**f General Information, designed for Families and Private Libraries. Published by J. A. & U. P. JAMES, Cincinnati, O., entitled,

**UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL LIBRARY:** Containing valuable papers on different subjects, comprising Natural History, Natural Science, Agriculture, Rural Economy, Biography, Fine Arts, The Orientals, Travels, Geography, Botany, Miscellaneous Readings, etc., etc. Illustrated with more than Five Hundred Engravings. One vol. Imp. 8vo., 640 pp., embossed cover, marble edge, Price, \$3.00

This work has already become very popular, and contains an amount and variety of scientific and literary matter not to be found in the same compass in any other work. The various topics which it comprises are treated in a clear and simple manner, adapting it to all classes of readers. The many fine Engravings, by which the different subjects are illustrated, increase its value, rendering it at the same time more useful, as well as more attractive and interesting.

Among the contents of this very interesting and instructive work will be found numerous Biographical Sketches of Eminent characters, Leaves from History, descriptions of Living Costumes, Selections of Natural History, Tales of Savage and Civilized Life, Anecdotes, and a large amount of Miscellaneous matter, descriptive of wonders in Science, Nature, and Art, interesting and instructive not only to those of mature age, but readily comprehended by the junior portion of the family circle. In fine, it is a work that should find a place in every family.

**N. B. ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED** to circulate the above, and numerous other POPULAR WORKS, to whom such discounts will be made as will enable them to realize a handsome remuneration.

Address, J. A. & U. P. JAMES, No. 167 Walnut street between Fourth and Fifth.

**Marriage and the Duties of Marriage Relations.** In a series of Six Lectures, addressed to youth and the young in married life. By the Rev. Geo. W. QUINBY. One volume 16mo., 216 pages, bound in muslin; price 50 cents.

"This little volume, of over two hundred pages, is well calculated to lessen the trials and difficulties common to the lot of humanity, whether in the married or single state. There are rough roads and stormy days in the path of most young married people; yet with such knowledge of correct rules and principles as this volume presents, these rough roads will be made smooth, the storms be calmed, and all the little difficulties attendant upon this divine institution be alleviated. It is a delightful and instructive volume for the young, from the pen of a good pastor, who has compiled the work from a series of Lectures delivered to the youth of his congregation. It is handsomely published and abounds in simple truths well calculated to lead the mind to profitable reflection."—Daily Indiana State Journal.

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